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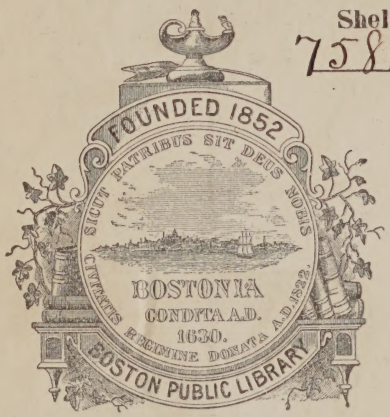

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

IN RELATION TO THE

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LIQUOR TRAFFIC,

AND THE

MORALS OF BOSTON.

BOSTON:
TEMPERANCE STANDARD PRESS.
1846.

C

PREFACE.

The following pages are respectfully dedicated to the "SUFFOLK BOARD OF TRADE," an Association organized a few years since, for the special object of "protection" to the Liquor traffic.

Nearly one-half of the towns in Massachusetts have rid themselves of the terrible scourge of intemperance, and all would do so, but for the influence of Boston merchants on certain Liquor dealers.

All eyes are turned to this city, as the plague spot threatening ruin to all New England, by the revival of the Liquor traffic. The friends of morality and order have become alarmed.

The following selections from the press, of reports of many public meetings held in Boston, are deemed to be of sufficient value and importance to be put in a tract form, for circulation.

From 55.73.60
171.273
Jan. 13, 1875

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

BOSTON.

[From the Massachusetts Temperance Standard of July 24.]

THERE is no city in the United States that is so rapidly increasing in wealth and population and all the elements of greatness, as Boston. Her commercial facilities; her iron roads traversed by day and by night by the Steam Horse, with a million tons of merchandise in its train; her schools; her asylums for the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the vicious; her churches; her merchants, renowned for their enterprise and integrity; her physicians, learned and skilful; her philanthropists, generous and self-denying; her clergymen, pious, laborious, and eloquent in the Scriptures, give her a name which has no equal among all the thriving cities of this young Republic.

The foundations of her greatness were deeply laid in the intelligence, piety and enterprise of her pilgrim fathers, who left kindred and country to establish on the shores of the new world, liberty of speech and liberty of person, the rights of conscience and the rights of man. The principles which they taught and practised struck their roots deep into the virgin soil, and their fruits are now seen in the peace, order, happiness, prosperity and intelligence which so generally prevail. Look at her. See with what untiring energy her sons bend themselves to the

accumulation of wealth. Visit her wharves, and behold the gallant and stately ships furling and unfurling their sails, while their massive hulks are almost buried with the products of our own and foreign lands. Enter her warehouses, groaning under the weight of every kind of merchandise; count the merchants, clerks, and apprentices engaged in taking the invoices, the guages and dimensions of foreign imports and domestic exports.

Look at the workshops of her artizans, and see with what rapidity and elegance of execution they are turning off their wares. See her day laborers, her truckmen and handcartmen working in ceaseless toil from morning till night, gaining a livelihood compared with which that obtained by the pauper labor of Europe is starvation. Survey her asylums for the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the vicious. See with what attention their inmates are regarded, physically, intellectually, morally. There is the physician, at the cost of the city or of benevolent individuals, ready to promote the comfort of the humblest individual cast in the providence of God upon the charity of the Bethesda in which he has been placed. There too is found the ambassador of Heaven, ministering to his spiritual necessities and pointing the sufferer to a brighter and happier world. Look at her schools, where thousands of children are receiving the rudiments of education. See her churches, where all denominations of Christians can worship God unmolested, under the ministry of teachers of their own selection. In one word, see man surrounded by all those aids and incentives to wealth, freedom, virtue and religion which give impulse to human achievement, and hope to the immortal spirit, and rejoice in the privileges and blessings which a kind Providence has so lavishly bestowed.

But amid all these blessings, there are many evils—evils of increasing magnitude and strength, which, unchecked, portend destruction. Prominent among them, is intemperance. This vice has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the city; till, like a volcano, it threatens to submerge it as with a deluge of fire. Encouraged by the countenance and support of many of our wealthiest and most influential citizens, it has acquired a giant's strength, and marches boldly on in its destructive course, ruining its thousands year after year.

In vain is it that a few moralists and philanthropists, with their indefatigable leaders encouraging them on, lift up their voices against it. The people consent to have it so, and this vice holds its unceasing carnival of three hundred and sixty-five days, year out and year in. What matters it that hundreds and thousands are annually sent to the House of Correction, and hundreds more to their eternal home; it is nobody's business; the fires of the distillery burn on, the importer unloads his ships, the retailer deals out the infernal compound, unchecked and unrebuked.

And this in Boston! the refined, intellectual, and moral city of Boston! Whither, O! whither has the spirit of our ancestors fled! Did it die with Hancock? Was it enshrined in the tomb of Warren? Or does it yet hover over their urns? We invoke its presence to purge our city of this foul abomination. We call upon the influential and powerful among us, those who take a pride in the good name of Boston, the lovers of liberty, of religion, and of God, to remove from us this awful scourge, which threatens to destroy our prosperity, and makes us a hissing and a reproach to all people.

The last few weeks have been fruitful in crime

occasioned by intemperance; the riots, murders, and all kinds of wickedness with which the city has been rife, are its legitimate fruits. It is strange and unaccountable that the city does not strike a blow at the heart of these mischiefs, the grogshops—those nurseries of crime, where the passions of men are "set on fire of hell," urging to the commission of deeds of the deepest atrocity. The criminal indifference with which these pests of the city are viewed, by those who are its constituted guardians, is matter for regret to every benevolent mind.

What honor would redound to the members of our City Government, should they resolutely set themselves to work to close these dens of vice. If our feeble voice could reach their ears, it would sound an alarm which should wake them to duty. We would implore them, by the tears and groans that proceed from agonized and broken hearts, to arrest the tide of misery which the inhuman and heartless rumsellers are pouring over this beautiful city, this Athens of America, the pride and glory of the Commonwealth; a city, that, notwithstanding its intemperance, occupies a high rank among the cities of the Union, and sends forth, on the wings of the wind, messages of liberty, learning and salvation to the remotest regions of the earth.

A SAD PICTURE.

[From the Courier of August 28.]

To the Editor of the Courier: — The time was, and that not long since, when every Bostonian might well be proud of the high moral character of his native city, compared with any other. It is not so now. Times and things are

changed, as we have daily evidence in the "police reports," and increasing crime and profligacy so prevalent. To what is it to be attributed? is the inquiry, and no doubt exists as to the cause, to any careful observer of events.

There has been a rapid increase of places for the sale of intoxicating drinks, *all* over the city, from the "splendid saloon," down to the lowest groggery, and but little done to check it. The wholesale dealers—men of wealth, and, as the world goes, respectable,—sustain an immoral traffic. The Rev. Dr. Channing said, truly, the retailers shelter themselves from reproach under the importers, and that the capital of the rich, places at the poor man's door a temptation to ruin his family; and daily events verify its truth. I have for over thirty years been familiar with the state of the poor, and intemperance in Boston, and regret to say that I never knew, at this season of the year, such suffering as prevails in our midst. Many, who profess to have reformed, and who did run well for a season, have fallen by temptation, and disappointed the hopes of wives and children—others are in the House of Correction, and not a few gone to a drunkard's grave; while others are true to their pledge, and are an honor to the cause of temperance.

At the present time, our House of Correction is crowded, containing over three hundred, being one hundred more than at the same period *last year*, and mainly by intemperance. Our city is disgraced by a recent rum riot; and to-day the afflicted wife of Sweeney, with a sick family, herself an invalid, and one child lately died, applied for the means of support, remarking, "My husband did well for me and was a good man when sober, and was not a common drunkard." Early on Saturday morning, a well-dressed man was found on the sidewalk, in North Grove street,

drunk, and was provided with shelter, slept all day, and when able to tell his residence, was taken to his deeply afflicted family. He had papers and money in his pocket-book, all safe. Several deaths by drowning or leaping from windows under the influence of "delirium tremens," have occurred recently in this city. Time and space would fail to recount all the suffering occasioned by the present state of things. I have known repeated instances of persons coming here on business, with sums of money, who were safe at home (out of the way of temptation of drink;) but here, have fallen by liquor, lost their money, peace of mind, and made their friends wretched.

It is absolutely unsafe for an individual with an appetite for liquor to come to the city, while such deceptions and temptations exist. In Ward 2, the overseer and assessor told me, there were over 200 drinking places, many of them kept by low and worthless characters.

It is computed that from 6 to 800 *rum* bowling alleys are in operation, to the ruin of many youths, to say nothing of the boys educating there for the House of Correction.

As to the billiard rooms and gambling places, they occupy the upper rooms of the chief corners of many principal streets, (as can be seen) and have their bars, as the usual appendage of such vile places. And last, though not least, licentiousness abounds as a common accompaninent of the foregoing.

It is humiliating to draw such a picture of a city, which has been the pride and glory of the age, famed for noble institutions, generous deeds, education, and morality. Some may think it too highly colored; if so, they are mistaken. The time was when such would be the case, but these facts are *now* well known through New England. It is evident that with increasing population,

business, and wealth, intemperance, and its usual attendant crimes and vices, have MORE than kept pace.

One good may result from this statement: to caution parents whose sons come into the city, to fortify them against temptation.

In such a crisis, what can be done to check the terrible evils noticed? "Remove," said the lamented Tuckerman, "but one cause of crime and pauperism, (intemperance) and the work would be comparatively easy in providing for the poor and tempted." Could those who rent buildings for immoral purposes, be made to feel their participation in the consequences, much good would result. If the large dealers in intoxicating drinks would but realise that they sustain the *grog shops* which do such incalculable evil, they could not continue to make money out of human misery. If our princely merchants, City Government, "first men," took a more open stand on moral subjects, they could do much for suffering humanity. We can build railroads, bring water from Lake Cochituate, and make splendid provisions at South Boston for criminals and paupers, made so by intemperance; but to follow the noble example of Gov. Briggs, and do what is wanted to correct public sentiment, viz: to speak the truth in love, and drive vice and crime into some degree of obscurity, from some cause or other, too many good men shrink from. With your consent, more hereafter. G.

MORALS OF BOSTON.

[From the Courier of Sept. 10]

From the tenor of many articles which have lately appeared in the newspapers of this city, a stranger would be led to believe that the inhabi-

tants are generally no better than those of Sodom and Gomorrah, but we are happy to believe that, although there is sin and misery enough among us, the stories that are told and insinuated are oftentimes greatly exaggerated. That we have in our streets a large number of grog shops, and that there are more bowling alleys and billiard rooms than there used to be, is a matter of certainty, but we believe that there is a much smaller amount of intemperance than usual, notwithstanding the many cases which come before the Police Court; and any one, who has dwelt for any length of time in other cities, will bear us out in the assertion that Boston is as moral and orderly, and well regulated a place as any of its size in the world. It has become a sort of passion, as well as fashion, with some people, to make the morals of the world appear as bad as possible. It is to be hoped that they are innocent of any design, in so doing, to make their own appear the better by contrast. We must utter our protest against the wholesale slander of the city which has become so common, and respectfully ask editors and correspondents to confine themselves a little more closely to facts, and not allow their alarm to run away with their reason.

[Communication in relation to the above.]

To the Editor of the Courier: — I have read with deep interest your remarks on the "Morals of Boston," in this day's Courier, in which you say, that a stranger would be led to believe "that the inhabitants are generally no better than those of Sodom and Gomorrah, but we are happy to believe that, although there is sin and misery enough among us, the stories that are told and insinuated are often greatly exaggerated." You further state "that you be-

lieve that there is a much smaller amount of intemperance than usual, notwithstanding the many cases which come before the Police Court, &c." And in conclusion, you enter your "protest against the wholesale slander of the city which has become so common."

In one thing, I presume, we agree, that the subject is all important, and as it is one I have taken much interest in, and may be in possession of some facts, not generally known, and wishing for nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, on the subject, I ask, how can the question be settled?

If you have no *better* plan to propose, let the following be adopted, viz: have a public meeting to consider the subject, as you would any other great question, and introduce evidence.

I am willing to arrange for such a meeting—pay ALL the expenses, furnish testimony, and leave the decision to any twelve disinterested persons; of course no liquor dealer, nor person renting building for immoral purposes, can be of the number, for they are prejudiced by self-interest. You may nominate them, or the citizens elect them, at the meeting.

You, or your readers, may inquire why I concern myself about it. My reply is, because I love my native city, and do not wish to see it "slandered," or its good name tarnished, and at the same time, what I consider a greater evil, its citizens *deceived*, as to its "moral character," because it may wound our pride.

I read an article in last evening's Traveller on the "Morals of Boston." It is strong, and I believe true, and probably suggested your remarks, and I propose to take *that* statement (though never seen by me till published) as the basis of discussion. After all, Mr. Editor, I *hope* you are right, I prefer to lose the case, rather than to

gain it. Yet, in conclusion, permit me to add that I believe the moral power of our city, aided by wholesome law, is able to do much, if the truth can but be known, to save our youth from ruin, to raise and elevate the poor, now cruelly oppressed by the rum traffic, to prevent crime and greatly alleviate human suffering, — and *that*, I doubt not you, as well as myself, ardently wish.

The subject must not sleep, and I hope arrangements will speedily be made to come at the truth. M. GRANT.

Sept. 10.

[Remarks of the Editor.]

☞ The article which has given cause for the present communication, was published on Thursday last. The editor was absent during the whole week, and had no agency in its composition. Of course, he does not hold himself obliged to take any part in the plan proposed by Mr. Grant, though he has no objection to it. The subject is of as much importance to us, as to any other citizen, and we can have no interest whatever in suppressing information that may elicit facts or produce reform. Still, however, we feel constrained to say, that we do take the representations of some of our good people with a few grains of allowance for enthusiasm, and especially for that which characterizes some new auxiliaries.

[From the Courier of a later date.]

The Chronotype of yesterday copies a paragraph from this paper, entitled the Morals of Boston, and says:

"We agree mostly with what the Courier

says. What alarms us is, that there is an unusual amount of *incipient vice.* Owing to the multiplication of drinking places, a large number of young men are beginning to sip. If they cannot be frightened or shamed away from the *bar*, the result is certain. That is why we make all the fuss we can."

We trust that no one supposed that it was our intention to throw any obstacle in the way of reform, as it was not surely our desire to deny the fact that a vast amount of vice and misery exist, in this, as in all cities; but some people in their zeal have, probably unintentionally and ignorantly, overstepped the bounds of reason, and would make our city appear about the worst place in the whole world. The truth is bad enough, in all conscience, and we would much rather see the evils remedied than exaggerated. That the means and appliances for ruin are monstrously increasing among us, is too true, and it is to the honor of one, at least, of our police justices, that he has, within a few days, called the attention of the officers to the necessity of punishing the real offenders—the drunkard makers, rather than their victims.

GAMBLING.

[From the Evening Transcript of Nov. 14.]

Mr. Editor:—Certain good people of our city are very busy in endeavoring to produce reforms amongst our people, and I assent wholly to the principle which governs them—for it is indeed too true, that wickedness stalks abroad in the land, and that dissipation, vice and depravity are upon the increase. I do not stop to compare this *spread of evil* with the increase of our popula-

tion, and thus to satisfy myself with the vague notion that "things are no worse than they used to be." I know that there is a necessity for the intervention of the law and of *the authorities* in putting down or keeping under all derelictions from virtue and good morals, and I rejoice that the friends of temperance have undertaken their part of the work. The late purgation of the theatres has been well—but it has done nothing *in the abstract* for the great cause. If liquor is not permitted in *the theatre* itself, it is in vain to deny that in the purlieus of the streets where our theatres are established, there are many departments (*and more than there used to be*) where it can be had in abundance; though, whether sold as SODA or not, I shall not pretend here to determine. But, as to the temperance reform, I leave that with those who have undertaken it, and will speed it onward, and now pass to another evil of equal magnitude which calls for publiic attention. I mean the horrible vice of THE GAMESTER.

The gambling rooms in the city are fearfully on the increase. The club room and club house are but too frequently gambling places, whilst the different methods of gambling are carried on in various sections of our city *privately*, the players taking care "not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth." Many an establishment of this kind, rightly coming under the law, might be sought out and broken up—and for the sake of the happiness of families, the search should at once be made. The evil of gambling, as it affects the social relations, is as bad if not worse than intemperance. It strips the pocket of one man to enrich that of another, and this is done in cool blood and with an excitement directed towards the most unrighteous purposes. Many are the wives made wretched by the ab-

sence of their husbands night after night from the domestic hearth—men who keep up an appearance of business in the morning, but whose afternoons and evenings are passed, genteelly speaking, "*with the club.*" Many are the young men, who, to evade the vigilance of the parental eye, present themselves at home at the hour of tea, and, absenting themselves as soon as it is over, from seven until eleven, (or more if they board out) are deeply engaged in *gambling!* Many a professional young man, who seems "flush with money," is not indebted for it to success in his profession, though he seems to spend more money than many a brother who is older and more experienced than himself in righteous business. The game of chance has been propitious, and to renew it again he forsakes his friends, and is rarely found at his own fireside. There is an awful fascination about these unlawful chances, and actual business becomes irksome, in the feverish anxiety for the time when the appearance of true occupation may be relinquished for *hazard* and the staking of a die. Such young men, and other older ones, are silent as to their evening whereabouts, but "where there is mystery there is always guilt." They possess the tact of evasion to an astonishing degree, but watch their career! The truth is felt at last, and the gambler is seen to be the deliberate falsifer, and the destroyer of domestic peace. Luck does not always run one way, and besides the interrupted social intercourse which is the first cause of unhappiness in the gambler's home, there is the opening of the eyes to the disheartening and desperate *cause*, and finally the wild stare of RUIN glaring everywhere upon that one happy household. The systematic gamester is a villain like a glacier—the despera-

tion of his courage is like the granite crag, and his heart is as cold as ice.

The club house too often contains its convivial apartment, where the red wine sparkles, and luxuries are spread upon the board—where the appetite is pampered to such a degree that the plain fair of the homestead becomes tasteless and vapid if laid before the returning wanderer, and the fondest care of wife and mother in preparing the daily meal fails to satisfy.

But I have not space to continue the picture—the play of "*The Gamester*" is no exaggerated drama, and I would it were enacted at all our theatres at least once a month. If Marshal Tukey, amidst his vigorous enforcement of the laws concerning the sale of liquor on the Sabbath, would ferret out these daily lurking places of secret gamblers, break them up, and make public the names of those he shall find there, whether high or low, he would be carrying out a boundless good, and deserve a solid reward from his

FELLOW CITIZENS.

THE MORAL CONDITION OF BOSTON.

[From the Evening Traveller of Sept. 9.]

Who that knew and honored this city twenty years ago, could have believed that it would ever sink to its present level? A grog shop to every 200 inhabitants; bowling alleys and gambling rooms in almost every street; from fifteen to twenty uproarious or helpless drunkards picked up on a single night, to say nothing of the scores of more *respectable* drunkards, who contrived to slip through the hands of the police, and to get home by the aid of friends; thieving and robbing a thing of daily occurrence; breaches of the

peace and petty offences so numerous as scarcely to attract a passing notice—all these things and much else, prevailing and abounding in the capital of New England, the chosen home of the pure, the self-denying and pious! Who could have anticipated that such a chapter would ever have been opened in our civil history?

That we are not exaggerating the truth, that we are not throwing one shade too deep on the picture, will be evident on a reference to the records of our Police and Criminal Courts, and to that mirror of passing events, the daily newspaper. Though we purposely avoid many of the grosser details of our Courts, and refuse to give publicity to many of the disgusting and loathsome occurrences of the day, yet our own sheet for the past twelve months, will furnish ample proof of the rapid growth and the alarming prevalence of vice and crime in this once most moral and well-governed city.

And the end is not yet. Look over this city and contemplate the materials for sustaining and extending this array of vice and crime. It has been asserted, and we presume on good authority, that there are now in the streets of Boston more than *one thousand* ungoverned, unschooled, ignorant, and to a great extent, vicious boys, chiefly the children of foreigners; besides these, there is an immense number of lads from the country, who have no parents to look after them, and whose employers pay but little regard to their moral training; and in addition to these, there are the children of multitudes who reside within our bounds, but exercise no such authority or supervision over their morals or their conduct as their duty requires,—all, all of whom are in the way of strong temptation, if not already on the high road to ruin.

From these youth, and from their associates

of the other sex, has this city more to fear than from all other sources? From hence are to come the disturbers of our peace, the violators of our laws, the curses of our city. We say it is to be so; it already *is* so. For months a large proportion of all the criminals who have crowded our Police and Municipal Courts have been minors.

And now, shall nothing—can nothing be done to check the onward and downward progress of our city morals? nothing to close those highways and byeways to ruin which are gaping wide in every street, and to silence those solicitations to vice and crime which are calling aloud at every corner?

We appeal to our honored Mayor and our city government generally to bestir themselves; and if there are laws, now set at naught, to enforce them. We appeal to all parents and guardians, to all who have any authority or influence in the community, to exert that influence immediately. We appeal to all good citizens, to all who love good order and good morals, all who desire the peace, and purity, and prosperity of our city to unite in some efforts to redeem this city from the blight and curse which is coming on us, and to restore to us that good order and quietness, that freedom from open vice and crime which once distinguished the city of Boston.

BENEVOLENT MOVEMENT.

[From the Courier of Oct. 14.]

On Monday evening, a very full meeting of Sunday school teachers, superintendents and ministers was convened in the Winter street church, to devise means for improving the mor-

als of Boston. Samuel H. Walley, Esq. was called to the chair. Mr. Walley, after stating the object of the meeting—to consider the means of diminishing the temptations to intemperance and vice in the city—said, the object of this meeting had reminded him of a remarkable serpent in Africa, which climbed trees to prey upon the eggs and young of birds; and that all birds, of every color, and he might say denomination, united in efforts against this common enemy of their young. This was an important meeting of a peculiar character, such as had never before been witnessed in this city. Sabbath school teachers, of every denomination, had met there, to combine their influence against the common enemy; and as he had cast his eye over such a a vast assembly, thus united, the beautiful hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

had been forcibly impressed upon his mind.

Rev. Mr. Waterston said, the increasing temptations to vice in this city had some time since been brought before the Sunday School Teachers' Association. Many startling facts were then presented, and the feeling was very general, that some new effort must be made to arrest this work of destruction; and that any such effort, to be of any use, must be general—not confined to any section of the city. It must be a combined, vigorous effort, like that referred to by the chairman, against the serpent. Sunday school teachers had come there to engage in such an effort.

Philanthropists say that vice and crime are fearfully increasing. City missionaries and the clergy generally, declare the same thing. The quarterly reports by the ministers at large state that intemperance and temptations to licentious-

ness are fearfully increasing. The two or three hundred bowling alleys are among the worst nurseries of vice. Hundreds of boys, from twelve to fifteen years old, may be daily found there, learning to drink and gamble, and use profane language. During the summer, we could scarcely take up a daily paper that did not report some theft, house breaking, or robbery of silver plate. All felt the insecurity of property, and that something must be done. Thieves were not detected, and there was an imperious demand to increase the virtue and number of the police. They were only fourteen men to 120,000 inhabitants, and it is known that there have been those even in that small number who were not spotless. The authorities have been endeavoring to increase the purity and efficiency of the police.

Mr. Waterston referred to the police of New Orleans, said to be the most efficient in this country, and contrasted the reputation which that city had acquired, through their system of police, with the reputation of Boston, the city of the Pilgrims, at the present time. It was said there were many causes of the alarming increase of crime here; that it should not be attributed to the degeneracy of the descendants of the Puritans; that every steamer from Europe brought European vice, and railroads are every hour bringing all characters from the East, West, North and South. Many poor, attracted by the fame of our benevolence, flock here. Many come from the 120 towns which have banished intoxicating drinks. When their business has been interfered with, they have come to pour out their deadly poison in our city, and many inebriates have come here, where they can still find the means of intoxication, and more easily hide their shame in the lanes and cellars. Ought we not to protect ourselves against this influx of pollu-

tion? If it be said that this does not impeach the character of our own citizens, still it does affect our reputation. That is of some consequence; but what is of infinitely higher moment, is the influence it is exerting on the land. Let it be felt by every one of us that not a man goes out from this city, but, as a Bostonian, his influence will be felt and perpetuated, and every one ought to do something to purify this influence. This large assembly had come together to present a united phalanx against sin, that monster evil universally felt. Let us press forward in the contest. In contending armies, the one who makes the onset has decidedly the advantage, and the one that stands still will be likely to be borne down. If the 2000 Sunday school teachers would come up to the work, not merely on the Sabbath, but morning by morning, and talk with the parents, and bring the children into the schools, the work could be done. There was a voice of wailing, that came up from suffering childhood, exposed to the blasting influence of profanity, intemperance and licentiousness which appealed more loudly far than Sabbath bell for their assistance.

Rev. Mr. Howe said there was little need of saying any thing to induce these teachers to activity; they were proverbially a vigilant class. Who, he asked, had placed them in office? None, but Him, who says to such individuals, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard." He alone had commissioned them, who says, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." He had never seen such an assembly as the present. Teachers of Sunday schools were exerting a silent but powerful influence, and it was suitable that they should ask the city authorities to remove obstructions. Teachers, especially females, on going into Ann street and Broad street, found

difficulty in the way. They found those who would even take the clothes they had furnished the poor children, in payment for that which rendered their fathers worse than brutes.

Rev. Mr. Barton said, if these teachers and the clergy, and the ten thousand church members in this community, had the moral courage to stand up in the beauty of holiness, and *rebuke* this evil, it would be soon stopped. It was time that they should unite their strength in this work, else God must employ angels to accomplish it, or we are ruined, and the fame of our city blasted forever.

John C. Park, Esq. expressed the overwhelming interest he felt in the object of the meeting. As citizens of Boston, he said every man was interested, and if this effort fell to the ground, we might well despair of any attempts at reform. But let every man do what he could, do his own part, and it would easily be done. The city marshal, merely by sending out a few slips of paper after a snow storm, soon cleared the sidewalks. This illustrated how easily a great work could be accomplished when every one did a part. The difficulty was, that so many wished to do good by *proxy*. He said that Bostonians were not exempt from the evils complained of. He had that day seen three boys, sons of our own citizens, from twelve to fifteen years old, arraigned before our city courts, and forty within the last month! He thought one great cause of this increase of crime was the inattention of parents to their children in the evening. They should know where the evenings of their sons were spent. But among the poor, who had no comfortable place for their children at home, and for such, evening schools might be established at little expense. He thought something might be done, also, with landlords—that laws might be

passed preventing the renting of houses for gambling and selling spirits, as well as for other *infamous* purposes. If the ten thousand professing Christians would put their shoulders to this work, it could be done. It had been well said, that the want of moral courage was the great difficulty. They wanted some Father Matthew to go ahead.

William B. Reynolds, Esq. said we had courts, laws, and policemen enough; we wanted public sentiment—a moral sense in the community to enforce law. If there was but one who had the spirit of Thomas Cranfield, a great work would be done, and if the Sunday school teachers of this city would do what they could, we should want no other policemen.

Another gentleman thought the city authorities must shut up grog shops and bowling alleys, before Sunday school teachers could work to any profit.

Rev. Mr. Oviat added similar remarks—and Deacon Grant urged, in his own earnest manner, the necessity of directing our attention to the wholesale dealers and rich landlords, who, for the sake of increasing riches, are willing to traffic in that which destroys the souls as well as bodies. He said there were two of this class in our Grand Jury!

FIFTY OR FIFTY THOUSAND.

[From the Christian World of Nov. 15.]

When the "spirit trade" spread over so large a surface, that it was more difficult to name those who were not in it, than those who were, a general good feeling prevailed concerning it; and no one thought of attaching any serious

blame to him who made a business of getting men drunk. In fact, it was a drinking age, and no one imagined it to be wrong to lose his senses, so long as there were none sober enough to appreciate the calamity.

Since that age of dissipation and sin, a revolution has been effected in the public mind, which promises, at no very distant day, to crush every vestige of a traffic, which only the evil one could have given to the world for its greatest scourge. Men are now either ashamed to be charged with having an agency in such a business, or are ready to brave it out, in honor, not of the great goddess Diana, but of that demon of riches, whose worship so few are able to resist. But these last are so reduced in number, that they find but poor shelter any where, from the pitless storms to which an almost universal public sentiment continually subjects them.

Herein consists our great, our unpardonable offence, that we ventured, not long ago, to risk an assertion, which has not been denied, viz: that the number of traffickers in the spirit trade, whether as manufacturers, wholesale dealers, importers, and owners of the places where it is sold, do not exceed fifty; and that were these few intelligent, influential persons, only willing to forego the profits and the *unenviable* distinction which this business confers; there would be such a blow struck for temperance and truth, that the retail trade would be abandoned at once, and such laws enacted, as to give entire permanency to public opinion.

But no, *these* "fifty associates" demur at any such proposition; and deny the right of any one's calling them by name, or designating them, as wedded to a shameful business.

We are not surprised at this, because their time for self-sacrifice has not yet come. And yet

it is passing strange, if a business is honorable, that those who are engaged in it should be so anxious to conceal their interest in it. We should not be complained of, were we to speak of the flour trade or dry goods business, or shoe trade, as being carried on by twenty or fifty co-partnerships in certain localities; we should certainly be thanked for giving such publicity. Whence the exception, we ask, to a notice of the spirit trade.

We are expecting every day to hear of secessions from the "Ardent Spirit Co-partnership," which will render the situation of those who remain, still more painful, as they will be more narrowly watched. If we can get the responsibility of this business fastened upon the few who now sustain it, so that every eye shall be directed, to *them* as the greatest enemies to social happiness, domestic peace, and religious improvement, it will become too insupportable a burden to be long endured. We can perceive no greater cause of complaint on the part of holders of real estate, who let their property for improper uses, that the public are made acquainted with the fact; than there is for the occupants of said estates to find fault with the law, which condemns them for putting it to such improper uses. And so, also, in reference to those who manufacture, import, or sell the poison. They all belong to the same category of delinquents.

WHO ARE THE SUPPORTERS OF INTEMPERANCE.

[From the Christian World.]

It has become necessary to bring this subject painfully near to the great *Anti-Temperance Party*. This party is not made up exclusively

of the manufacturers, venders, and consumers of wine and spirit; any more than that the pro-slavery party are exclusively composed of those who make a boast of their hatred of abolitionists.—No, the great anti-temperance party is legion. Every man belongs to it who withholds his personal effort to stay a vice that threatens all but universal ruin to the world.

This great party dislike the charge of opposition which is ascribed to them; and declare their readiness to work, whenever it shall be respecta ble for them to take sides in the temperance cause.

Were we not so tired of hearing the miserable subterfuges that are raised *by this class of benefactors to their race*, by which they reconcile to their consciences an inertness, so deathlike, as to make almost the stones cry out, shame, shame,—we should be willing to draw out a bill of indictment, in language of their own coining, and thereby bring upon them, *self*-condemnation. We have only time for a few items under this head.

One *respectable* man said to us in a very vexed tone, after having been urged to stop letting a shop for the sale of intoxicating drinks: "I should be willing to make any sacrifice for the cause, if those everlasting representations of the evil of intemperance were withheld from publication."

Another *friend* to the cause felt indignant that so holy a work should be committed to the hands of men, whose lives had been debased by drunkenness, and from whom, however reformed, no good thing could proceed. "These Washingtonians deluding the people with the idea that they need nothing but moral suasion, loving appeals, and kind aid, to soften the heart of the most obdurate rumseller. Away with such non-

sense. The Law shall avenge crime; and our Police Justices are fully equal to see to that instrument of coercion."

Still another, seeing the Temperance Standard lying on our table, inquired if we could tolerate Kimball and Jewett, and a host of coadjutors, whose business it is to go about the country, seeking whom they may devour, by the heaviest exactions of money, for the suppression of what they are pleased to call hellish acts. "Is not the moral suasion working like a charm? Has it not driven alcohol out of Old Harvard? Has it not converted some of our *best* men from being hard rum-drinkers, to moderate wine-drinkers? And are not these instances of good, resulting from gentle means, a full answer to all the abettors of legal suasion?"

And once more: A clergyman called upon us last week, and said, "I have done with the whole business of temperance. There is so much to annoy one,—so much freting and scolding, that I am determined to wash my hands of all concern in it, and to part company with them with whom I formerly held fellowship."

Well now, this is all "very strange, passing strange." Suppose, for supposition's sake, that all these talks were literally true. What then? Because weak men, or strong men fail in any good work, can that excuse a man following another direction, which to his mind promises the most abundant success? There never was a more miserable pretext for doing nothing to promote a good object, than this said disgust which is entertained towards them who earliest espoused it.

If it were only the objections that have been herein recited, that hinder the espousal of a cause by the great anti-temperance league, such objections are hardly worth a moment's considera-

tion; and for the reason that all the means that are now employed to remove the greatest curse with which a people could be visited, would be willingly laid aside, if the rich, influential, wine-drinking community, would only step forward as they did in the LOTTERY reform, and declare the spirit trade at an end. We will undertake to guarantee, unto these eleventh hour philanthropists — unto the men — church members, too,—who own nearly all the principal hotels and nearly all the rum depots in the city; who buy all the sour molasses they can lay their hands upon in Cuba, especially, nay, solely, for distilling; who consume all the choice wines that are imported from the Rhine, from Havre, Oporto, Cadiz, and Madeira; and at a cost to soul and body which it is frightful to think upon:—If these men will but carry forward the temperance reformation, we will guarantee that Moses Grant and Dr. Jewett shall forever hold their peace; and that the Washingtonian, the Temperance Standard, and all other journals will retire from the field where they have labored so valiantly, and become quiet and happy witnesses of that glorious consummation they have so longed for and prayed for.

President Everett has exhibited that degree of moral force in this matter, as well entitles him to be a leader in this glorious enterprise,—not that we are unmindful of what Governor Briggs and other good men have done to give nobleness to the work. Under such leaders, all should be willing to enlist. First, those ministers of the gospel who still drink wine and smoke cigars. Lawyers, too, who need clear heads, at all events. Then all that great body of merchants who own the Exchange in State street, Tremont House, Albion, Concert Hall, Pavilion, United States Hotel, and the almost innumerable stage houses,

and bowling alleys, and billiard rooms, in Elm, Hanover, Howard, and Tremont streets; and lastly, those stores in South Market, Exchange, and other streets, where *refreshments* of all kinds can be obtained.

Talk of getting rid of intemperance in Boston, whilst such tremendous counteracting influences are at work! The thing is impossible! Who, then, is responsible for this great evil? Why, just the man who in the remotest manner helps his brother man to make a beast of himself, or who renders that brother liable even to a single mistake of judgment, or to the indulgence of a thought, or the doing of a deed, contrary to the perfect will of God.

The time is coming, when the men to whom we have alluded are to pass away from the scenes and haunts where they have built up their fortunes, and where the places that know them shall know them no more. They are to stand to be reckoned with, by an unerring Judge. Will it, we feel authorised to ask, be any justification to such, that they have folded their arms, because imperfect men, enthusiastic men, or even bad men aided in the suppression of a great evil? Will the remembrance of having left to sons and daughters a vast property, most of it accumulated directly or indirectly by agencies that have brought ruin upon thousands, add any confidence to the look they shall direct towards Him, whose judgment in respect to them will be irrevocable? Will the remembrance of the ten thousand glasses of burning fluid that has been sold at Concert Hall, and at a noted back room in a stage house in Elm street, and in all the wine, brandy, gin and rum holes of Boston, give an increase to the spiritual joy of heaven? If such were the only expectants of heaven, heaven could never be peopled. Would to God, that before it is too late,

men,—so blind as they are concerning their personal responsibleness in this matter, might become sober minded, fearing God, and loving righteousness.

TENEMENTS FOR THE LABORING CLASSES.

At an interesting meeting held at the Masonic Temple, to hear a report of a Committee on the expediency of erecting suitable tenements for the laboring classes, addresses were made by Dr. Channing, who presided, the Mayor, and several other persons. The report, which was very long, treats of the following propositions:

1st. The present crowded state of the poorest class of citizens and their consequent physical and moral degradation. Under this head they bring a variety of statistics showing the comparative density of population in portions of our city, and that of the principal cities of Europe. The conclusion is, that the present population of one section of the city is nearly as dense as that of the central part of London; that the individuals to each house is greater than in most of the commercial and manufacturing towns in England; that the distribution of population is shockingly unequal; that the proportion of deaths among infants is on the increase, and duration of life diminishing; that infant mortality among the Catholic population, is vastly greater than in the whole population; the average life in Boston is less than in London, or in Ireland, and little greater than in Liverpool, where the greatest mortality prevails; and that the average duration of life among the Catholic population of Boston is less than in the great commercial and manufacturing towns in England.

By the census of 1845, there were 10,812 houses

in the city, occupied by 19,175 families—1 3-4 families to a houses. In 6,268 houses, there was one family each; in 5,542, two families; in 7,365, three families, or more. And these houses were not designed generally for more than one family. The proportion of room occupied is, north of Boylston street, an average of 34 square yards to each person; north side of Common street, 48 do; in Broad street only *seven*. In 1810, the persons to a house, were 8.51; 1820,—9.84; 1830,—9.99; 1840,—10.04. The births in this city in 1845 were as one to forty of the population; in Broad street, one in fifteen. The deaths under five years, from 1810 to '20 were 33.64; 1840–5, 46.62; among the Catholics, 61.66.

2d. This treats of the high rents now paid, and the probability that the day laborers will contrive to pay them, rather than move out of town, or much further from their work. This, the report says, they have abundant reason to believe. This being the case, they say:

3d. It is highly important to establish proper constructed dwellings for the poor, near their place of labor. This they say can best be done by the investment of considerable sums in buildings expressly designed for this class of tenants. Such investments, they argue, can be made as "investments," and not simply as objects of charity. To show this, a case is cited of a house in Dedham street, constructed on a similar plan, and another in Oliver street—the first yielded 7 5-8 per cent., the last 11 1-2.

Such property, the report says, leased to poor tenants, is as safe as any other real estate; it yields as much as any other real estate which is safe; and by such investments capitalists would have the satisfaction of knowing they confer a benefit on mankind. There would be no dan-

ger, either, as in many charities, of doing some evil, as well as good.

Some considerable attention is given to the manner of constructing houses, so as to make them suitable for more than one family, and the question of building up a village of such houses contiguous to some railroad out of the city examined. It is supposed that land for the purpose, now occupied by buildings unfit for dwellings, could be purchased in the city, at the North and South ends, South Boston and East Boston, at reasonable prices. Preference, however, is given to Chelsea.

In their construction, some plans are submitted. It is recommended that the buildings be four stories high, of brick, with deep and dry cellars, rooms for each family separate, and water to be introduced to each story. The houses should be well ventilated.

In this connexion, some suggestions are made in regard to the proper relations of landlord and tenant. It is assumed that while, as a race, man is evidently progressing, in large cities, a downward movement is manifest; and that by a proper regard to these relations, much may be done to arrest this downward movement.

The report concludes with the following recommendations:

1st. To form companies to hire buildings and let rooms, under the direction of a paid agent, as suggested in one of the articles.

2d. To take such steps as may seem to them best, by the establishment of chartered or private companies; to procure the erection of large and well fitted buildings, especially designed for the uses of tenants by the week.

In both cases, to publish every six months the result of the experiments.

MORALS OF BOSTON.

[From the Courier.]

At a late meeting, held in Faneuil Hall, Hon. Judge Williams being called to the chair, remarked that large numbers had gone out at the cry of *fire*, but they who remained had done so, for the purpose of extinguishing a more dreadful fire. They were assembled to put out a fire that was threatening the souls and bodies of thousands.

In accomplishing the objects aimed at by this meeting, two things presented themselves—the necessity of preserving and elevating those who were moral, and also of securing the young men from vicious courses. We had all, he said, need to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

After prayer by Rev. Mr. Oviatt, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Bartimas, urging to immediate and vigorous action. He said, on this subject there was no need of labored argument, to convince any man of the withering influence of the spirit traffic; but we needed to bestir ourselves to put a stop to the abominable practice, which was urged on only by selfish cupidity.

Rev. Mr. Thomas thought the temperance reform was in a predicament somewhat like that of the Israelites, who had escaped from their cruel task-masters in Egypt. The wholesale and retail dealers, with all their snares, were behind, threatening to overcome them; and the red sea of indifference, among their friends, was before them. Till a more wakeful moral sentiment pervades the community, nothing effectual, he thought, could be done. But he congratulated the friends of this cause, that they too had a

Moses to go before them, and, if the religious community would stay up his hands, temperance and virtue would triumph in the contest.

Rev. Mr. Chapin thought the packed assemblage before him gave the strongest demonstration, that the morals of the city had awakened a deep interest in the community, and that something would be done.

He knew of no class that stood more directly in the way of reform than the wholesale dealers. This speaking of wholesale dealers had, he knew, been objected to, as *personality*. Would any of those worthies, he asked, who gazed from the canvass upon that meeting, object to the mention of *their* names? No man who does an *honorable* business, has any of this sensitiveness about personality. The blessed Saviour, who ever addressed the weak and the tempted with words of sympathy, censured with unmitigated severity the proud pharisees, with their broad phylacteries, and no doubt they thought him tremendously *personal* when he openly charged them with devouring widows' houses.

The rich dealer, and drinker, too, he said, did much to make this immoral business respectable. If none but the bloated wretch were seen to sustain it, it would soon die. It is the rich, in fine linen and broadcloth, watching their noble ships as they reel into port with their precious freight of Madeira and Teneriffe, who inflict the largest share of poverty, crime and wretchedness upon this community. If, instead of giving their services to Mammon, they would espouse the cause of virtue and philanthropy, the mention of their names would be only to their honor; they would live in the hearts of thousands. The dealer in alcohol feels that his business is *mean*. He knows that he is lining his coffers with what *be-*

longs to the half-naked wife and children of the drunkard.

Rev. Mr. Cobb added a few remarks, after which Deacon Grant presented the following resolution, for consideration at the next meeting, upon which he had some remarks he wished to make, but the lateness of the hour prevented:—

Resolved, That the committee who have in charge the subject of reporting the places where strong drinks are sold, and the *owners* names of the *buildings*, also report the quantity of spirit imported the present year, and by whom, as also the rum exported to foreign lands, particularly to missionary stations, and by whom sent, and make a report at the close of the present year, in Faneuil Hall.

THE POOR.

[From the Rev. Dr. Channing's Discourse on the Ministry for the Poor.]

I pass to another sore trial of the poor. Whilst their condition, as we have seen, denies them many gratifications, which on every side meet their view and inflame desire, it places within their reach many debasing gratifications. Human nature has a strong thirst for pleasures, which excite it above its ordinary tone, which relieve the monotony of life. This drives the prosperous from their pleasant homes to scenes of novelty and stirring amusement. How strongly must it act on those, who are weighed down by anxieties and privations! How intensely must the poor desire to forget for a time the wearing realities of life! And what means of escape does society afford or allow them? What

present do civilization and science make to the poor? Strong drink, ardent spirits, liquid poison, liquid fire, a type of the fire of hell.

In every poor man's neighborhood flows a Lethean stream, which laps him for a while in oblivion of all his humiliations and sorrows. The power of this temptation can be little understood by those of us, whose thirst for pleasure is regularly supplied by a succession of innocent pleasures, who meet soothing and exciting objects wherever we turn.

The uneducated poor, without resource in books, in their families, in a well spread board, in cheerful apartments, in places of fashionable resort, and pressed down by disappointment, debt, despondence, and exhausting toils, are driven by an impulse dreadfully strong, to the haunts of intemperance; and there they plunge into a misery sorer than all the tortures invented by man. They quench the light of reason, cast off the characteristics of humanity, blot out God's image as far as they have power, and take their place among the brutes. Terrible misery! And this I beg you to remember, comes to them from the very civilization in which they live. They are victims to the progress of science and the arts; for these multiply the poison which destroys them. They are victims to the rich; *for it is the capital of the rich, which erects the distillery, and surrounds mem with temptations to self-murder.* They are victims to a partial advancement of society, which multiplies gratifications and allurements without awakening proportionable moral power to withstand them.

A GROG SHOP IN MOURNING!

[From a Boston Paper.]

Attaching a piece of black crape, in a particular way, to a person or place, is generally understood as a token of *mourning*. With that understanding, we have seen a grog shop in mourning! In passing through one of the streets of our city, a few days since, we saw pieces of crape attached to the handles of the doors of a fashionable drinking room, where, for his money, any one can get as drunk as he pleases, and where hundreds do, we have no doubt. The doors were closed, and the place was actually dressed in mourning. It looked really solemn, you may depend, just as if it had lost some of its best friends. And perhaps it had. It may be that some of its numerous drinking and drunken patrons had found a drunkard's grave. In such a case, the loss of a good customer would be an occasion of mourning; and we cannot doubt but the saloon felt quite as sorrowful in its sable garb, as many a human form does when it dresses itself in the same way, after the death of some rich relative to whose property it was an heir!

But why should not a grog shop "go into mourning?" There is certainly no other place on the footstool that causes more mourning. And if the flinty hearts of those who keep such places will not mourn over the thousands of crushed hearts, blasted hopes, ruined fortunes and wretched families which they make—the robberies, thefts, murders and all other crimes with which they are constantly filling the world, it is quite time, we think, for the groggeries themselves to put on "mourning." And we are glad to see that one of these houses of sorrow has shown, as

far as crape can indicate it, that sadness has come "over the *spirit* of its dream." Ah! could that place know, as well as its poor victims do, the thousandth part of the mourning it brings upon others, it would bury itself in black, and seek a deeper shade of night than ever Egypt felt. A grog shop in mourning! How appropriate! We hope soon to see all the others in like manner closed, with crape hanging to their doors. For even if the closing of them indicates, as it may in this case, that a member of the family of him who keeps one, is dead, it on the whole would be vastly better for community, than it would be to have those shops open and killing hundreds every day. Shut them up and hang out the crape, we say.

ROXBURY.

At a late meeting of the Roxbury Common Council, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

Resolved, That the Council have received with much satisfaction the communication from his Honor the Mayor, of the 14th instant, and sincerely hope that his efforts to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks will be crowned with success, assuring him that no exertions will be wanting on the part of this Council whenever he requires their co-operation.

Resolved, That should the present power of the Executive prove insufficient to repress the sale of intoxicating drinks, this Council will cordially unite with the other branches of the government in adopting measures to obtain such additional power as may be deemed necessary.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Council,

the encouragement by the city government of attractive places of public resort, properly guarded from all unhealthy influence, would greatly contribute to deter the young from frequenting houses in which intoxicating drinks are sold, and produce a decided improvement in the moral health of the city.

OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN ON THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING DRINKS.

"*It is the capital of the rich, which erects the distillery, and surrounds men with temptations to self-murder.* The retailer takes shelter under the wholesale dealer, from whom he purchases the pernicious draught; and has he not a right so to do? Can we expect that he should shrink from spreading on a small scale, what others spread largely and without rebuke? Can we expect his conscience to be sensitive, when he treads in the steps of men of reputation? Of the character of those who vend spirit, I do not judge. They grew up in the belief of the innocence of the traffic, and this conviction they may sincerely retain. But error, though sincere, is error still. Right and wrong do not depend on human judgment or human will. Truth and duty may be hidden for ages; but they remain as unshaken as God's throne; and when, in the course of his providence, they are made known to one or a few, they must be proclaimed, whoever may be opposed. Truth, truth is the hope of the world. Let it be spoken with kindness, but with power."

* * * * * * *

"When I go to the poor-house, and see the degradation, the spiritual weakness, the abject-

ness, the half-idiot imbecility, written on the drunkard's countenance, I see a ruin which makes the cost of his support, a grain of dust in the scale. I am not sorry that society is taxed for the drunkard. I would it were taxed more. I would the burden of sustaining him were so heavy that we should be compelled to wake up, and ask how he may be saved from ruin."—*William E. Channing.*

"I challenge any man who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and yet for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder."—*Lyman Beecher.*

"No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure that no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instruments of intoxication."—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

"Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is *debasing the minds and ruining the souls* of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community?"

"If any man choose to continue the traffic in alcohol, I have but one word to say. My brother, when you order a cargo of intoxicating drink, think how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it up, think how

many curses you are heaping together against yourself. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cask will ruin. Let your thoughts then revert to your own fireside, to your wife, and to your little ones; look upward to Him who judgeth righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, Is THIS RIGHT."—*Francis Wayland.*

"I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous." *John Pierpont.*

"The traffic in intoxicating liquors has been, and is, one of the most prolific sources of vice, crime, misery, and ruin, in existence. For fifteen years have I lent my humble aid in the effort to back its desolating tide. I have seen its terrible effects upon the intellects, the consciences, the hearts, the happiness and the hopes of men. My heart has bled at the sight of the once happy homes made desolate, and the once cheerful and buoyant hearts crushed by it in the agony of despair. Our poor-houses, our State prison, and our Insane Asylum, all bear witness to its ravages upon the bodies, estates, minds and hearts of men. And while all these appalling evils and miseries have been made to stand out in bold relief, and have been urged with a fervor which has seemed resistless, I have seen men persisting, unmoved, in the traffic which has produced them—coolly tempting men to the dangerous indulgence, and even drawing those who had escaped from the very jaws of destruction back to its deadly embrace;—in fact, bidding defiance to the friends of temperance, in the apparent consciousness that the temptations were

stronger than all the arguments and warnings and entreaties they could urge to save the tempted. * * * *

"And now the question comes home to my heart. Shall I assume an air of grave indifference to all this, and hold my peace because I am the Chief Magistrate of Vermont? I frankly say, I cannot. I *must* speak, at whatever hazard. I will inflict no wounds, wantonly, upon the feelings of any; but I must speak. Truth, justice, humanity demand it. The dearest and most precious interests of this community are at hazard; and do my fellow citizens think that I am going to wrap myself up in solemn dignity, and witness, unmoved, the work of destruction that is going on around me? Was it for this they elected me to the Chief Magistracy of Vermont? I do not so understand their will, or my duty." —*Gov. Slade.*

"The argument appears to me irresistible. To make or sell ardent spirits for common use, is as wicked as to make or sell poison for the same purpose. It being admitted that the use of this article is destructive to health, reputation and property (and the proof of this fact is overwhelming,) it follows, conclusively, that those who make it and sell it, do it with a high hand, against God, and the highest interests of their fellow men. The blood of murdered souls and bodies will be required at their hands."—*Hon. David Daggett.*

Within a few months, as the result of this traffic, a once respectable mechanic of Pittsfield, Mass., became drunken, and was torn to pieces while lying insensible on the railroad track, by the passing of the train in the darkness of the night. A public meeting was held, on which

occasion his Excellency, George N. Briggs, asked,—

"Who did the deed? Who robbed those children of a father, and made that wife a widow, perhaps a maniac? It was not the ponderous engine, rushing with whirlwind speed over its iron road. It was the vender of intoxicating drink—the man who in defiance of all laws, human and divine, scattered around him the seeds of temporal and eternal death. For all the wealth that liquors bought and sold have earned, I would not stand in that man's place. * * Nor would I resort now to forcible means to stop this traffic. I would first exhaust all the resources of love, and kindness, and persuasion, and entreaty, and friendship, and if these would not avail, I would appeal to the strength of the law."

The Rev. John Todd, minister in Pittsfield, asked,—

"For what would you be the man who sold that bottle of spirits? For what would you own that ninepence? Oh! if the man be here who owns it and has got it, let him look at it! Don't you see the blood on it? In your bar-room by the cask, don't you see that mangled body—don't you hear the steps of the naked feet of the orphan—don't you see the wild eye and pale face of the broken-hearted widow! Can you look up and see written on those heavens, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God,' and then rejoice that you have cut one more such off from life and hurried him to the judgment? Where will you hide that ninepence from which the blood will not wash?"

"The seal of everlasting reprobation and abhorrence upon this traffic is, that it has *no redeeming qualifications*—it never has done any good,

and from the nature of the case, it never can."

"If this traffic is morally wrong, it is the duty of individuals to discontinue it, and of government to withhold from it its sanctions. Government is instituted for the common good. Every subject of that government has a right to claim from it protection and security against the violation of his rights. The direct and inseparable consequence of this traffic, is, to violate the most sacred rights; to sunder the bonds of society, and bury in everlasting forgetfulness the duties which the dearest relations in life impose. There is not a tie which binds man to his fellow man, that has escaped its direful touch. The question arises, what ought legislators to do on this subject? I answer, place the article on the contraband list, and make the traffic in it penal, as deadly to the best interests of men."—*Hon. Mark Doolittle.*

"If the legislature of a State permit, by law, a traffic which produces poverty with all its sufferings; which corrupts the morals, and destroys the health and lives of thousands of the community; they defeat the great and important end for which government was established."—*Hon. Geo. Sullivan, Attorney General of New Hampshire.*

"We owe it to our history, we owe to our free institutions, and above all, we owe it to Him whose benignant providence has so richly blessed us, that we purify our laws. And if men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillar, nor quiet their conscience by the opiate of a court-license!"—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

CRIME, JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, ACCIDENTS, &C.

[From Hill's Concord (N. H.) Patriot.]

EMBEZZLEMENT.—On Monday night, at about 10 o'clock, Robert T. Long, late book-keeper of Gilmore & Clapp, left this town, taking with him money which had been received for goods at the counting room of his employers on that day, to the amount of $700 and upwards. It is also supposed that he had taken money previously, to an equal or greater amount. He had left town in company with Augustus Wiley, a hostler at one of the livery stables, in a wagon. They were last heard of at Enfield, where they arrived, and took breakfast at about 7 o'clock, Tuesday morning. A gentleman who put up at Edson's tavern, in Andover, informs us that they reached that place early in the morning, and procured a fresh horse. Long had on a buffalo coat, wore a cap drawn over his eyes, and had taken off a pair of spectacles which he usually wears. Notwithstanding this disguise, Mr. Edson recognized and called him by name, to which he replied, "You have mistaken the man." Mr. Edson subsequently told Wiley, privately, that he knew Long's identity. Wiley confessed that it was him, and said he (Long) was going to Hanover to attach goods for Gilmore & Clapp, and did not wish to have it known. It is expected that L. was making his way to Canada—or prehaps to New York from Burlington. Measures have been taken to procure his arrest, if possible. He is about 5 feet 6 inches high, 24 years old, full round face, without beard, large prominent blue eyes, wore gold-bowed spectacles, and genteel in his appearance. His late employers will pay $100 for his apprehension and return, or $200

for his apprehension and return with the money he carried away.

Long is a native of Boston, a young man of noble heart, and has heretofore sustained a good character with his employers. His fall is to be attributed to the high-handed system of *gambling* which has been carried on secretly in this village for some time past, and to which we alluded in our paper of the 10th inst. We have since learned that there is a billiard table in full operation here, in addition to any quantity of bowling alleys, card playing, prop shaking, &c. Lotteries, too, are quite common; they sometimes come off as often as twice a week, the prizes consisting of watches, horses, &c. Tickets are sold, sometimes as high as $10—to a great extent to young men, many of whom do not receive for their services over $50, and none more than $150 or $200 per annum.

As we said before, we now repeat—"*The employers of all such will do well to keep a sharp eye on their money drawers.*" Long's case proves that our previous warning to this effect was not mis-timed.

[From the Evening Traveller of Sept. 21.]

More Youthful Crime.—It will be seen by the record of the proceedings in the criminal court, yesterday, that three boys have been committed on a charge of robbing the store of a Mr. Jordan, in Milk street. The store, it will be remembered, was entered in the night time and robbed of goods to the value of six or seven hundred dollars. Some of the goods were found upon the boys, two of whom have parents residing in the city, and no one of them is more than 17 years of age.

In the case of the boy McCarty, only 13 years old, convicted yesterday of larceny, and whom

we mentioned as having been much intoxicated at the time of his arrest, we understand that previous to his sentence, the Directors of the House of Reformation were consulted in regard to his being sent to that institution; and that they informed the court that their house was so full that no more inmates could possibly be provided for. And so this mere child was sentenced to two months imprisonment in the House of Correction, to finish perhaps, by association with old and hardened culprits, his education in vice and crime. Thus every day swells the record of youthful depravity.

Two more boys, 10 and 11 years of age, were convicted of theft this morning, at the Police Court. One of them was given up to his parents, who are respectable, and the other, for peculiar reasons, it was decided should be crowded into the House of Reformation.

[From the Evening Traveller.]

The Merciless Rumsellers. — A man was brought up at the Police Court, lately, charged with being a common drunkard. It seems that the officer found him at his house, in a perfectly unmanageable state, and a terror to his wife and children, who could no longer bear his loathsome conduct. From the officers we learn that when arrested he had pawned his coat for a glass of gin, his shirt for one tumbler of rum, and a leather valise for twelve cents, which was also spent for intoxicating drinks, and that when he had thus pawned every thing by which he could procure the destroying element, he went to his home, to inflict upon his wife the effects of his drunken debauch. He was sent to the House of Correction for three months.

[From the Evening Traveller.]

More Youthful Criminals.—Constable Harrington, arrested, lately, two boys named Aaron G. McNulty and George Harris, charged with breaking into the shop of Barnes & Holway, No. 181 Ann street, one night, lately, and stealing a large quantity of silver watches and clothing. The case was postponed, and the boys were bound over in the sum of $2000 to appear, and for want thereof, they were committed to jail.

[From the Evening Traveller.]

Juvenile Delinquincy.—Lately, officer Spear discovered a gang of boys, six in number, hid behind a pile of logwood on the back side of Long wharf, gambling with a set of props. He did not succeed in arresting but one of the boys, named Dennis Murphy, aged 12 or 13 years. He was fined $2 and costs, which his poor, hard-working mother will have to pay. Mr. Spear states that this business has been carried on by boys in this place for several successive Sundays; but being known by his badge, the boys, who kept a good look out, succeeded in making their escape.

A boy, also, was fined fifty cents and costs for stealing a bag of paper from a shop in Congress street.

[From the Evening Traveller.]

A Common Occurrence.—It is getting to be quite common for men from the country, who come into this city upon business, to get into some of the numerous groggeries of the city, where they are rendered unfit to take care of themselves or their property. Such a case happened lately.

A man came to the city to purchase a suit of clothes, but before he left was induced to gratify himself with a glass of liquor, and finally was picked up drunk upon the Common by the Police. He was surrounded by a gang of persons, who would undoubtedly, in a short time, have disencumbered him of every thing about him of value.

[From the Evening Traveller.]

Rum and Robbery.—A man belonging to a Portsmouth coasting vessel, was robbed one night lately, in this city, under the following circumstances: In the course of the day he fell in company with a man who accompanied him round to the grog shops of the town, until he was thoroughly drunk, and then took him into a rum hole, near the corner of Ann and Cross streets. When the victim recovered sufficiently to know any thing, he found his pocket had been cut open and his pocket book removed, containing $119. A boy by the name of Thomas McDay, aged 10 years, was complained of lately, in the Police Court, by the Directors of the House of Reformation, for being in this very shop the same night, drinking. His parents alleging that they could do nothing with him, and that he would be out all night in spite of them, the Court sent the boy to the House of Reformation.

[From the Traveller.]

Take Warning.—A young man, who had about 36 dollars in his possession, was persuaded to walk into a rum shop near Richmond street, lately, where he drank some liquor, and was robbed of all the money he had.

Another man was turned off from the shop

minus nearly the whole of his clothes, and was found in the street nearly naked.

A sailor, also states that he was robbed of $12 in the same shop.

[From the Bee of Nov. 3.]

Police Court—Yesterday.—Rum reigned triumphant yesterday, notwithstanding the closing of the bar-rooms on the day previous. Twelve persons were punished for being in a state of intoxication—two by imprisonment in the House of Correction, and ten by fines.

Hugh Gallagher was fined $20 and costs for violating the license law on Sunday last. Gallagher keeps a low groggery at No. 32 Cross street, and on Sunday sold to Roger McGinniss and James Scallan, *boys but twelve years old*, two glasses of spirituous liquors each.

One of the boys came near dying from the effects of the poison. He was seized with violent convulsive fits, and for several hours it was thought he could not recover. The city Marshal being made aware of the facts promptly hauled Gallagher over the coals. He paid his fine, and to avoid further trouble, promised to offend no more on the Lord's day.

[From the Bee of Nov. 9.[

Police Court—Saturday. — *Violators of the License Law.*—Wm. R. Huntoon, Hiram Tubbs and James Lyford, charged with being common sellers of wine and spirituous liquors, without being licensed as inholders, were bound over to the November term of the Municipal Court; $200 security was required of each. The punishment for the offence is a fine of $100. The same persons were also charged with violating the Sun-

day law, which provides that no business excepting it be of necessity or charity, shall be transacted on the Lord's day. The offenders having promised that hereafter, no liquor should be sold on their premises, the city Marshal suggested to the Court that a small fine should be inflicted; and his Honor accordingly fined them $2 each and costs.

[From the Newburyport Herald.]

Female Thieves.—Two girls, apparently 17 or 18 years old, one of them with a pink bonnet and pink dress, and the other with a chocolate ground dress, applied at a house at the north part of the town, for board, on a Friday, lately, and during the day robbed the house of $20. On Saturday morning, the same girls applied at a house in Charter street, for board, and, in an hour after, had opened, with false keys, two trunks belonging to some girls boarding at the house, from one of which they took $15, and and from the other $10. They made a third attempt to obtain board on Saturday evening, at Mrs. Marshal's, at the Dexter house, but were here arrested and committed to jail. They were found to have come from Lowell—one of them is 18 and the other 14 years of age, and the oldest one has already been an inmate of the House of Correction.

[From the Evening Traveller of Nov. 11.]

Coroner's Inquest.—Coroner Pratt held an inquest this morning upon the body of John Lees, of Newbury, Mass., aged about 34 years, who threw himself from the third story window of Moses Rogers' boarding house, 39 Ann street, while under the influence of delirium tremens. Mr. Rogers states that the deceased had been at

his house during the evenings for the last three weeks; he was of intemperate habits, and has had two apoplectic fits within a week. Last evening he attended the temperance meeting at Faneuil Hall; before he went to bed he took some wormwood tea. Henry R. Winslow, who slept with him, states that after drinking his tea he went to bed and slept about an hour, when he got up and went down stairs with a light. He was seen by watchman Roberts in the street with his light, as if searching for something. He afterwards went up stairs again and leaped from the window. The verdict of the jury was, that he came to his death by jumping from the window while in a state of partial derangement caused by intemperance.

[From the Evening Traveller of Nov. 11]

Rescue from Drowning.—About 5 o'clock this morning, watchman Alexander K. Brier saw a man, named Andrew Boyle, jump from the Baltimore packet pier into the water. He immediately cut a boat from a brig lying near by, and succeeded in saving him. Boyle has been boarding at the rum cellar of Joshua Silsbee, No. 90 1-2 Commercial street, and has been drunk for some time. He was probably under the influence of delirium tremens at the time of the attempt.—The Police Court, this morning, sent him to the House of Correction as a common drunkard.—Silsbee, at whose cellar he lodged, was indicted at the present term of the Municipal Court for keeping a noisy and disorderly house, selling liquor without a license, and violating the Sunday law.

[From the Bee.]

In Hanover street, lately, a drunken man fell from his wagon, the wheels of which passed di-

rectly over him. Fortunately for him, the mud was so deep, that he received little injury—for as the wagon passed over him, he quietly settled to the *bottom*, where he "muzzled" a few minutes, and was dug out by the bystanders. He was evidently sobered by the accident.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger of Oct. 21.]

Death from a Fall. Wesley Flavel, whose conviction for the murder of his neice, in attempting to murder his wife, some two or three years ago, together with his subsequent pardon by Governor Porter, excited the public attention at the time, yesterday terminated his unhappy and turbulent life by falling down stairs.

It will be recollected that a great effort was made to procure his acquittal on the ground of insanity, and that he was pardoned by Gov. Porter principally on the allegation of his want of competent mind, and also that a condition was annexed to the pardon, requiring him to leave the State and country.

On failing to comply with this condition, he was again taken into custody, when the constitutionality of the conditional pardon was argued before and confirmed by the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth.

To prevent the execution of the original sentence upon him, his friends undertook to compel him to leave the country, and, if we mistake not, actually put him on board a vessel bound to some foreign land. It appears that he again broke the condition referred to and returned to his family in Kensington, some time since.

It also appears that he returned to his former intemperate habits, and that on Sunday evening while in a high state of excitement brought on

by intoxication, he again attempted to take the life of his wife, and was in the act of rushing down the stairway in search of a gun, when he fell, causing a concussion of the brain, from the effects of which he died yesterday morning.

His violent career and terrible end are a solemn warning to youth, to avoid, as they would a pestilence, the fate of the drunkard!

[From the Herald.]

Attempted Suicide.—A man named William McMaught, who was committed to jail for drunkenness, was found on the floor of his cell with his throat cut. McNaught was confined in a cell with two other persons, and the act was probably committed unbeknown to the other occupants. When they discovered the man, they raised an alarm which brought the turnkey to the cell, and upon his going in, he found a large quantity of blood upon the floor, and the prisoner in a very weak state. Dr. J. V. C. Smith was sent for, and sewed up the wound. McNaught was brought before the Police Court, and was sent as a common drunkard to the House of Correction for five months.

[From the Star of Oct. 2.]

A young, neatly dressed, good looking female, was seen in State street, on Wednesday afternoon, reeling under beastly intoxication, and the object of attention to a large crowd who collected to gaze at the painful sight. Nothing else in nature but rum, can cause a woman to so degrade herself. Debase her, steep her heart in guilt, and in her sober senses no such public shame can approach. Rum, that stupifies, deadens the intellect, makes mad—that and that alone can so master man or woman. And yet people

tolerate its use, defend it, legalize the traffic in it! That's public sense.

[From the Courier.]

SUNDAY IN NEW HAVEN.—The Mayor of New Haven, on a Sunday, lately, with a few special constables, made a tour of the city and found thirty-five shops, from the lowest groggeries to the most respectable stores, open for the transaction of business. He directed them to be closed forthwith, and his orders were complied with in all cases, in most of them cheerfully. It is his purpose to prevent the opening of grog shops, segar shops and soda shops on Sundays in future, and some of the barbers of the city have requested him to extend his prohibition to them.

A CAUSE FOR THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

A writer in the Transcript over the signature of "A Clerk," accounts for much of the dissipation of the young men of Boston, by tracing the workings of the no-compensation system.

"At the age of 14, he says, I was placed in the counting room of a commercial house, which is still in the full tide of successful experiment, where there were four other young men, and who like myself received no compensation for services rendered. To my certain knowledge three of them were dishonest. One embezzled the funds of our employer, was detected and dismissed in disgrace. The other two managed to escape detection and were thus saved from ignominy. At the close of my apprenticeship, I commenced business upon my own account, but not having earned any capital during my apprenticeship, I soon failed, having no resource to depend upon

but myself. I am now a clerk again, which I by no means consider as a disgrace, and I thank heaven that owing to the vigilance of poor but honest parents, I have yet to commit the first *immoral act.* As for my acquaintances during my apprenticeship, I presume it is fair to say that two thirds were prematurely ruined by dissipation. One became a convict in the State Prison, and another died from the effects of debauchery.

Now it will be asked what is the remedy for all this? I answer—let the present system of apprenticeship in commercial houses be changed. Instead of compelling a young man to work seven years for *nothing*, let him be paid a moderate sum for his services, and thus lay the foundation of habits of economy and foresight, and also accumulate a small capital with which to commence business. For it is proverbial that the most reckless are those who possess nothing and whose prospects in life are almost hopeless."

INTEMPERANCE.

[From the Christian Watchman of Nov. 13.]

The following recital by Rev. W. Howe, will illustrate a large class of cases which have required the attention of the ministry:

A mother with four lovely children, the youngest but six weeks old, applied for assistance.—She had a comfortable room, furnished with new articles of neat furniture. Destitute of every thing but these, she is almost resolved to sacrifice them, even her bed, for food and fuel. She must move within forty-eight hours. She is too feeble to go out and look for a room, and could she find one by inquiry, she has nothing to pay

for the rent. She is heart-broken, almost in despair, and weeps as she looks upon her helpless babes, sporting about the room, unconscious of their mother's anguish. Six months since, her prospects for a home and the common comforts of life were as fair as ours, for she trusted to an industrious, temperate husband, who had reformed. But he was tempted by associates and those who deal out the poison, and fell; and left his family to want and suffering. He had forsaken the sanctuary and all the restraints of the gospel. But for this there would have been no call for charity. The same is true of a majority of the cases, which shows the necessity of a more widely extended influence of the gospel for the weak and tempted, and the strong arm of the law for him who persists in his work of death.

ON WHOM RESTS THE RESPONSIBILITY.

[From the Massachusetts Temperance Standard.]

Not a day passes without our ears being assailed with lamentations about the terrible effects of the liquor traffic in this city. Merchants bewail the fall of their clerks, mechanics of their apprentices, parents of their sons. Vice, immorality and crime are alarmingly on the increase, and loud and long are the outcries of those, whose hopes are blighted and prospects clouded by intemperance. Philanthropists lift their voices against it, ministers of the everlasting gospel preach against it, fathers and mothers raise their supplications to Heaven, and beseech the Almighty to stay its desolations. Still the plague rages, and, like that which erst desolated ancient Athens, cuts down youth and manhood, irrespective of rank or sex. The beautiful and the de-

formed, the high-born and the lowly, are alike swept to an ignominious grave. The youth, whose cheek mantles with warm blood and whose eye is radiant with hope, and he whose locks have blossomed for the grave, drink of the fatal cup, and die. Even woman herself, the fairest of God's creation, becomes a noisome pestilence, polluting heaven's sweet air with her foetid breath, and falling into an untimely grave, a loathsome mass of putrescence. This awful curse rolls its waves over our city night and day, and men and women stand aghast, and exclaim: O Lord, How long? As if Heaven would interpose its protecting shield, while they sit with folded hands and weeping eyes, gazing upon the desolation!

Do you not know, citizens of Boston, that you have a duty to perform, ere this curse shall be removed? Know you not that the days of miracles are passed, and that God now calls upon you to put forth your own efforts to stay the plague? to make use of every lawful human instrumentality to roll back the tide of ruin that has come up to your very hearthstones?

It is in your power to put an end to intemperance. The voice of the people, in this matter, is the voice of God; and, at their fiat, this river of death will cease to flow. Do you not believe it? How has it been in time past, with other vices? Have they not been measureably checked, driven into by-places and away from the public eye, by the force of legal enactments?

A few years since, while a law of this State, forbidding the sale of lottery tickets existed in full force, as far as the action of the legislature could give force to law, a number of men who found the traffic lucrative, sold tickets in great numbers in offices on the most public and frequented streets in Boston. The law itself was

denounced, and much was written and published with a view to uphold the traffic in these prohibited articles. After some prosecutions, the business of selling tickets was a little concealed from public view by placing a screen between the entrance from the street and the place of negotiation. For a considerable time this expedient answered the design of the persons engaged in the business. The prohibition of the legislature produced very little obstruction to the trade.—This seductive species of gaming, however, produced here some of its usual consequences.—Some instances of suicide, distressing to surviving relatives and friends of the victims, and some instances of thefts by young clerks in stores, the causes of which were traced to lottery brokers offices, induced the citizens to suppress the nuisance.

During the last two or three years, it is understood that the retail of intoxicating drinks in this city has been nearly or quite as common, and, screens excepted, as notorious as when the sale violated no human law. The existing law of the State forbids the sale, under the penalty of fines and on a third conviction, imprisonment may be awarded. The Judges of the Municipal and Police Courts are ready to discharge their duties, and jurors are willing to render such verdicts as may be warranted by law and evidence.

A little reflection would seem to suggest some questions worthy of public attention.

If the owners of the stores, whose property was purloined by their clerks, saw from day to day the lottery offices offering temptations to the young and inexperienced, in direct violation of law, and tacitly acquiesced in the practice, could they rightfully complain when suffering the natural and usual consequences of the traffic?

Is not the law, prohibiting the retail of intoxicating drinks, daily and notoriously violated in very many places in this city?

If the men of property and the men of influence here, suffer one law of the Commonwealth to be long treated with contempt, can they rationally expect other laws to be constantly and easily enforced?

If the citizens of Boston acquiesce in the continuance of these schools for rearing criminals, can they rightfully complain when they shall suffer from depredations from those whose training they have witnessed with approbation or with indifference?

The question here arises, shall we enforce our laws, or shall we suffer the rumsellers to deal out their destructive poisons unmolested? Shall they thrive on the ruin of their fellow-men; bid defiance to the constituted authorities of the State; tread the statute book of the Commonwealth under their feet, and flood our borders with poverty, vice and crime; or, will the people, alarmed for their own safety, and that of their children, put shoulder to shoulder, join heart to heart, and hand to hand, and demand, in the name of humanity, whose rights they outrage, and in the name of God, whose image they deface in the persons of their victims, that the rumsellers, high and low, rich and poor, black and white shall suffer the pains and penalties of that law which they daily violate? a law, established for the protection of the innocent, and the safety of the weak?

Are we so lost to honor, are we so effeminate, so pusillanimous as to succumb to the rum tyrants of the 19th century. It cannot be! We hear a voice—a voice of wailing and of woe—coming up from the hovel of the drunkard, swelling louder and louder, saying, save me from the

woes and curses of intemperance! That voice will be heard. It has already reached the ear of Heaven, and, ere long, deliverance will come.

LECTURE AT TREMONT TEMPLE.

[From the Courier.]

Mr. Gough delivered his last lecture for the season, in this city, on Sabbath evening, Nov. 22d, before a very large audience, among whom were seen members of Congress and distinguished professional gentlemen.

The general strain of his lecture was elevated, and his manner serious and dignified. He thought we had looked, perhaps, too exclusively at the physical evils of intemperance, as these were more apparent; but he said its effects upon mind were infinitely more deplorable. The degrading influence of intemperance upon the immortal spirit was so dreadful, that it would seem enough to arouse to effort every human being in whose soul glowed one spark of philanthropy.

If we should go into the fashionable drinking saloons, we should find there young men of brilliant talents, and noble, generous sentiments, gradually quenching the fire that flashed through their eye, and stupifying the mind that might dazzle and charm by its almost superhuman powers—yes, we should find many such degrading themselves below the brutes, by the besotting influence of strong drink. O, it was pitiable, he said, to look upon an idiot—but it was incomparably more so to look upon a young man who had besotted his soul and enshrouded his immortal being in the fogs of intemperance. He walks

abroad over this beautiful world, and gazes upon the splendor of the heavens, unconscious as the earth upon which he treads. Beauty has its origin in the mind, not in the star or the flower; the universe is but the nursery of the soul—then how fearful the responsibility of darkening its vision, of paralyzing its powers, of furnishing the tempting draught.

Young men, he said, drank, expecting to reform, but they were laying up a load of wretchedness they could never shake off. Even though they should reform, the powers of their mind would not resume their former lustre, and a portion—the fairest portion of their lives would be worse than a blank in their history—it could neither be reclaimed, nor blotted from the vivid page of memory.

Some, he said, complained of their mixing up temperance with religion. Religion and virtue of every kind were indeed of kindred nature.—Religion was a flood of light emanating from the throne of God, and temperance was a ray from this same heavenly source. He did not stand there as a preacher, but to tell them what he had seen and felt. God had not sent angels to preach the gospel to us. Every good minister of religion was a reformed sinner, a converted man, who came to tell us his experience, and thus lead us into the paths of wisdom and virtue. He stood there, because he had felt and still felt, in every fibre of his being, the dreadful effects of intemperance.

In addition to its blighting influence on the soul and body of man, it was also the parent of every vice and the most appalling crimes, and it could not be banished from this community till the fountains of pollution were sealed up—till the saloons and grog shops were closed. Public sentiment alone on this subject, he said, was

right, and all that was wanting was that it should speak out and make its voice heard—make the rumseller sensible of the wo, denounced by the prophet of the Lord, against him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle to him and maketh him drunken.

When he looked at the crimes and tears and blood with which drunkenness had cursed the land, he said he felt that it was no wonder that God had, in so solemn a manner, throughout the Bible, threatened such heavy judgments against the drunkard maker. O, does not their sin open the blackness of darkness upon thousands of families, and quench the last ray of hope in her thousand youthful bosoms? Where will the respectable young men be five years hence, who patronize the liquor saloons? They will not be found in the society in which they now move, or known there. Every rumseller is a *pauper*—a public pensioner of the worst description. He lives upon the vices of his fellow-men, and the people—the honest, temperate people—are taxed to support him.

To Bostonians, descendants of the Puritans, he appealed, whether they would, instead of sending out streams of beauty and philanthropy to bless and purify, send out streams of poison and death. He wanted a seal set upon these fountains of death, never to be broken,—the tears wiped from the eye of the drunkard's wife, and comfort restored to his naked, famishing little ones.

This city contained many noble, generous hearts—many who had befriended him in the time of his greatest need, and who, he knew, were pledged to the cause of suffering humanity; and, for himself and for that miserable class for whom they expended their time, their sympathies and their money,—in the name of Heaven, he cordially thanked them.

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